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In Memoriam.

MARY GETTIS CARSON.

MISS Mary Gettis Carson, whose memory is perpetuated by special gift to the work among the Freedmen, passed from this life Sabbath, February 10th, 1901. She was the daughter of Robert B. and Margaret Armstrong Carson, and was born in Pittsburg May 25, 1878. Being bereaved of her mother when but nine months old, she was, in her father's home, under the especial care of her aunt, Miss Margaret Carson, whose love for her had a mother's tenderness, and which was reciprocated by the tender affection of the deceased during her whole life.

At about twelve years of age, the deceased announced her consciousness of Christ as her Saviour, by uniting with the Eighth Street Reformed Presbyterian church. On January 8, 1892, she became a member of the Sixth United Presbyterian church, East End, in whose fellowship she remained a consistent helpful member until her death.

Miss Carson, in person and life, was characterized by a loveliness in which strength and beauty were combined. Ever quiet, gentle, considerate and conciliatory in manner, she yet cherished the strongest convictions as to truth and duty, and stood by these with a firmness equaled only by her gentleness.

Her home-going was as becometh one who is a follower of the Good Shepherd and Lord of Life. Stricken by *la grippe*, which in its course baffled the skill of physicians, she moved toward the shadows of death without fear. At the end her eyes were lifted to behold a glory unseen by others, and her arms raised, as if to rush in welcome to the fellowship of the Saviour and the redeemed. Chill were the winds that swept her grave, and dull the wintry sky that canopied the earth; but beyond these the thoughts of friends and loved ones passed unto that assembly where she was welcomed. Amid winter blasts, there had come to her the summons:

"Come upward into endless spring;"

a call which with Christian gladness she obeyed, leaving the memory of a life whose fragrance will linger in heart and home and church through passing years. R.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Some Beneficial Effects of Christianity During Early Centuries of Our Era.

By James Harper, D. D.

WHAT vast changes were effected in the first three centuries by the Christian faith in the manners and sentiments of society generally and in the spirit and life of great numbers hardly admits of a question. A few of these changes as indications of the potency of the religion of Christ in those times in combating various deeply rooted evils may be specified.

First. In some places the heathen temples were altogether, or almost entirely, deserted. That this was the case in Bithynia, an important province of Asia Minor, we have the most direct and unexceptionable evidence. For in the well-known letter written to the Emperor Trajan in the year 107, or 112, by the Younger Pliny, who was then proconsul of Bithynia, he states that owing to the vigorous measures he had taken in dealing with the Christian superstition, the trade in sacrificial offerings had revived and the temples previously forsaken were beginning to be revisited. "The contagion of superstition," says he, "has spread not only through the cities, but even through villages and the country. Not that I think it impossible to check and to correct it. The success of my endeavors hitherto forbids such desponding thoughts; for the temples, *once almost desolate*, begin to be frequented, and the sacred solemnities, which had *long been intermitted*, are now attended afresh; and the sacrificial victims are now sold everywhere, which once could hardly find a purchaser." There is no reason to think that Bithynia was the only place in which the power of Christianity was thus palpably exhibited. It had not been as highly favored as many other districts of Asia Minor; for when Paul "essayed to go into Bithynia, the Spirit suffered him not." Even at an earlier date than that of Pliny's Letter, we know, on the authority of an inspired historian, that a great commotion was caused among those classes of craftsmen whose occupation it was to provide certain appliances of idolatrous worship, because they perceived that their handicraft was endangered by the spread of Christian ideas. And beyond question, if, when Christianity was only in its infancy, it so affected society as to reduce materially the attendance in heathen temples and the demand for articles used in heathen worship, it must, in the course of the 2nd and 3rd centuries, have exerted no slight influence in the same direction. The process must have gone on, although on a large scale, which is witnessed today in India, where the throng of worshipers at the sacred places of the Hindoos is diminishing yearly, and where not a single heathen temple is in course of erection.

Second. Many favorite amusements specially those involving cruelty to man and beast were discountenanced and condemned by Christians, and through their influence brought into disrepute, and finally, in a large measure, abolished. There were three favorite forms of public amusement to which the Christians were strenuously opposed, namely, the theatre, the circus, and the amphitheatre, the last two of which chiefly come under the head just stated. Yet a few words may incidentally be bestowed upon the first in our enumeration of objectionable amusements.

To the theatre the Christians had a strong repugnance because of the obscenity, the profanity, the mythological allusions which largely characterized the plays presented there, together with the indecency of the pantomine which at length almost entirely supplanted the spoken play, and the unhallowed company which such exhibitions attracted specially. The character of the company may be inferred not only

from what we know of the character of the modern patrons of the theatre, but also from the well-attested fact that it was no unusual occurrence for the spectators to be seized during a theatrical performance with a desire for blood and to clamor for a fight, when, in compliance with the demand, a set of gladiators, perhaps even of Roman nobles, would appear upon the stage engaged in deadly combat, at the conclusion of which, the dead and disabled having been removed, the play would be resumed and completed as if no real tragedy had been enacted. Sometimes, too, the clamor on these occasions was for Christian blood, a fact which might well deepen the abhorrence of the early Christians for the theatre. The utter inconsistency of professing to be a Christian and yet attending a theatre was deeply felt in those days, and the discipline of the church was unsparingly employed to remove and prevent such an anomaly. Actors were obliged to abandon their calling before they could be admitted to the fellowship of the church. It was counted a censurable offense to engage in teaching the actor's art to any who contemplated going upon the stage. There is a letter of Cyprian in which he deals with this particular point, and shows what was the current sentiment and practice of the church in relation to it. It is but fair to add that the more thoughtful class of the Pagan Romans themselves always looked upon the theatre with suspicion and disfavor.

The excitements of the circus possessed a great attraction for the Romans and for the inhabitants of the provinces as well. Structures adapted to circus exhibitions were erected upon an immense scale. In the time of Julius Cæsar, the circus at Rome was capacious enough to afford seats for 150,000 spectators. But even this degree of accommodation was unequal to the demand, and the captor of Jerusalem, Titus, enlarged the circus sufficiently to provide sittings for 250,000 in all, and at length, as late as the fourth century, its dimensions were so increased that 385,000 people could be seated in it. Footraces, skilful and daring exploits on horseback, and specially chariot-racing, formed the principal entertainments here. But so far were the Christians lifted in their tastes and views above their fellowmen that they avoided and abhorred those displays as involving the cruel treatment of the brute creation and as ministering to many evil passions. Long before the days of Howard or Bergh Christianity had thrown its shield over the dumb animals. That Christianity in its advance did not altogether overthrow the system of circus shows must be confessed; but that it modified their character and diminished the attendance upon them in course of time, and so purified public sentiment that the circus, just like the same amusement in our own day, was more and more abandoned to the thoughtless and the disreputable, admits of satisfactory proof. But the craving for excitement and blood found its chief gratification in the scenes of the amphitheatre where contests between human combatants, or between them and wild beasts, were exhibited, and sometimes on an enormous scale. We might almost deem it a slander on our common humanity to allege that masses of people, many of them cultivated and intelligent, pushed and jostled at the entrances of amphitheatres in order to obtain favorable seats from which to witness scenes of barbarity and butchery, the description of which a sensitive mind can hardly bear, were it not that the evidence on which the representation rests is as irresistible as the evidence that at the opening of our era there existed a city called Rome, and were it not, besides, that certain relics or echoes of the ancient barbarism and ferocity have survived to our own day in the form of pugilistic prize-fights, the excitement of the cock-pit, dog-fights, and particularly the bull-fights of Spain which high-born and accomplished ladies attend, it is said, with enthusiasm and savage relish.

Strange and horrible to say, gladiatorial engagements, which first found footing in Rome about two centuries and a half before the birth of Christ, were originally exhibited in token of respect for departed friends. It may be also that the shedding of blood in connection with the funeral rites may have been deemed in some way helpful to the

"manes," or spirit, of the deceased. Proving attractive to the populace, they were at length resorted to by ambitious and unprincipled politicians as expedients for ingratiating themselves with the rabble and so procuring votes, just as now unscrupulous aspirants for office ply the rum-shop as an engine for attaining their ends. Julius Cæsar (B. C. 65) gave a gladiatorial exhibition in which 320 pairs of athletes engaged in deadly contest; but this display was in the lapse of time thrown into the shade, as many as 10,000 men, in some instances, being for popular entertainment, pitted against each other in mortal strife. The supply of combatants was obtained in part from the class of convicts; partly from the troops of prisoners taken in war; partly from the purchase of slaves; and in some degree volunteers helped to swell the list.

The edifices designed for these loathsome exhibitions were, in many cases, of vast dimensions, and were constructed with remarkable adaptation to the ends in view; the seats rising in semi-circular tiers one above another; dens underneath being prepared as the receptacles for wild beasts; apartments being provided into which, from the scene of butchery, the dead and mangled might be dragged, and the latter dispatched, and arrangements being made whereby the thousands collected within the walls could issue from them almost instantaneously. The ruins of the amphitheatre at Verona, and of that at Rome, known as the Coliseum, strike beholders with astonishment. As those structures were roofless, awnings in varied and tasteful colors were provided, whereby the spectators might be protected from the fierce rays of the sun or rain, while, by ingenious contrivances, perfumed waters were from time to time showered upon the sweltering mass of spectators. A host of attendants was on hand to meet the various requirements of the sport, as for instance to remove the dead bodies or carcasses, to bring in fresh sand to strew upon those parts of the arena, as the scene of conflict was called, which had become saturated and slippery with blood. When the hour for the entertainment arrived, the destined combatants, brought from the cells in which they had been chained, marched in to the strains of music, and forming into a procession walked slowly round the arena pausing as they came in front of the Imperial seat, to tender the memorable salutation—a salutation, how ghastly! "Ave Cæsar, Imperator! Morituri te salutant." "Hail, Cæsar, Emperor! Those about to die, salute thee." Then, when at signal given, the work of blood had been begun and some one fell beneath the stroke of his antagonist, it was the custom for the latter to look around for an expression of the will of the assembly whether or not he should despatch his fallen opponent, if still alive. If the spectators turned down their thumbs, it was an intimation that the prostrate man, who, if able, looked round doubtless with imploring eyes, had fought well and afforded sufficient amusement and so might be spared; but if, as often the case, no signal of this sort was was given, all hope for the writhing wretch was at an end. His antagonist must slay him. If any one, when stricken down, appeared to be dead, it was provided that attendants should apply hot irons to his flesh to prevent deception. The sports were pleasantly varied by the matching of men in contests with wild beasts, which, in vast numbers and at enormous expense, were brought from the jungles in Asia and Africa. And many a stream of Christian blood flowed in these encounters; the fiendish cry, "The Christians to the lions!" being no unusual one to Christian ears. As we read the sickening details of those savage sports, it is a relief to reflect that in his seemingly slow, but well-planned providence God let loose upon a people so imbruted as to revel in such scenes, floods of desolation in the form of the grim warriors who swarmed in the forests of the north, and we feel prepared to enter into the spirit of Byron's thrilling description of the dying gladiator and to join in the invocation of vengeance with which it ends, "Arise, ye Goths! and glut your ire." Against these atrocious displays Christianity lifted up its gentle voice, and such was the power of its pleading that

when Constantine acquired the sway, he issued an edict prohibiting them. But the disease was too deeply rooted to be eradicated at once, and the revolting exhibitions lingered on till the reign of Honorius, who, in the year A. D. 404, put an end to them. But as their character had been bloody, they were brought to a close in blood. Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, being at Rome when an entertainment was given in the amphitheatre, resolved to attend and, even at the sacrifice of his own life, put, if possible, a stop to the cruelty. Accordingly, while a struggle between two combatants was in progress, the monk leaped suddenly into the arena and parted the fighters ; whereupon the spectators, enraged at this interference with their enjoyment, overwhelmed the intruder with missiles and instantly killed him. But Christianity had so far educated the conscience of the people that the death of Telemachus produced a reaction, and the edict of Honorius brought to a close the tragedies of the amphitheatre.

Third. The benign influence of Christianity was evinced in the amelioration of the condition of women, children, and the oppressed in general.

In the ancient heathen world, although instances are not lacking of women who by political intrigue and otherwise acquired a controlling influence, yet the position of woman in general was one of degradation. Instead of being reckoned the companion and, in all essential respects, the equal of man, she was regarded as his inferior and formed merely to minister to his convenience and gratification. Polygamy was an outgrowth of this feeling and tended to foster it. Among the Jews, also, polygamy prevailed to some extent, but there were counteracting influences among them which did not exist among the heathen, and hence the position of Jewish women in society was vastly higher than that of their Pagan sisters. Among the German races, or tribes, also, according to the sketches furnished by Cæsar and Tacitus, the condition of woman was relatively high. But beyond question woman's estate among those nations with which, in its earlier movements, Christianity had to do, was one of lamentable debasement. The custom of divorce, which at one time was unknown in Rome, had become common. Even such a man as Cicero took advantage of it more than once. By degrees formal, legal marriage fell into desuetude, giving place in a great degree to what in modern phraseology would be styled, the "system of Free Love." Apart together from moral considerations, statesmen deplored and sought to remedy this boundless licentiousness. Augustus, with the view of encouraging marriage, proposed a bounty to any man who entered into the matrimonial relation ; but, in spite of this, the tide of promiscuous indulgence rolled on. Such was the posture of affairs when the Christian faith began to find its way through the world. A new power had appeared now to combat social corruption and arrest humanity in its downward career. From the very beginning of the New Testament church, women had an assured and honorable place in it. They were baptized as men were. They sat down with men at the Lord's table. They were recognized with affectionate honor by inspired apostles. Injunctions were laid upon husbands to abstain from all harsh and tyrannical treatment of their wives. Polygamy and concubinage were frowned upon. Women were thus at once lifted up, so far as the religion of Christ prevailed, to a position of dignity, while, by the same holy religion, they were taught and enabled to exemplify the graces of humility, modesty and purity.

Over children, too, Christianity extended its protection. While the Bible paints fallen humanity in dark colors, it reveals at the same time the value of the soul and the importance of the weakest human being. Our common nature has been honored by the fact that the Son of God Himself became man, and its worth and capabilities have been forcibly suggested by the fact that He gave Himself as a ransom for many of our race, These facts, apart altogether from positive enactments for the protection of human life and rights, when once understood and accepted, beget a sense of the

sacredness of life and of the vast importance of every human being. Among the Greeks and Romans, unless in particular cases, human life and the rights of man as such were but faintly recognized. It was legal and not uncommon for parents to kill their own children, and it was not unusual for children, it may be added, to procure the death of parents when old and helpless. Of course, in the most corrupt condition to which society has ever sunk, natural affection has not been entirely extinguished, but it has often been grievously weakened. And so it was generally among the nations with which Christianity in the early centuries of our era came into contact. Infanticide was frequently practiced, and that with the countenance of law and the approval of the most exalted moralists of whom Paganism could boast. Plato, for instance, in his sketch of an ideal Republic, inserts as one of its features that certain classes of children should be left to die by starvation and exposure. Besides neither law nor public sentiment laid any restraint upon parents who were disposed to treat in a barbarous manner their children who were permitted to live ; and though, doubtless, in numerous cases parental fondness expressed itself, it is certain that the treatment of the young was in a large degree harsh and cruel. Christians, however, were taught that the parental relation carries with it authority indeed, and the right of control, but involves no right to practice arbitrary cruelty, the law of love being authoritative over parents as well as over children. Nor can we doubt that the early Christians, whose love to one another attracted the attention and excited the wonder of heathens, were enabled to exhibit a similar spirit in the management of their offspring, and thus by their example help to abolish the stern and inhuman spirit in which the heathens were accustomed to deal with their children.

At the beginning of our era the system of slavery existed to an enormous extent. It is computed that more than half of the population of the Empire, some maintain two thirds, were in this condition. There were instances in which as many as ten or even twenty thousand slaves were owned by one man. According to Roman law, slaves had no rights. Their owner was invested with unlimited authority over them, being at liberty, if he saw fit, to torture, mutilate or murder them. This having been said, no more needs to be said in order to prove the dolorous condition of a Roman slave. These slaves were not negroes. Some such were, probably, among them ; but they were chiefly drawn from overcrowded Asia. Captives taken in war, if not slaughtered, were commonly sold into slavery. At the fall of Jerusalem, for instance, a multitude of Jews was sold into servitude. Thus it happened that slaves were in many cases persons of intelligence and refinement, a fact which rendered their bondage the more distressing.

Among the slaves, Christianity made many converts To men in their condition, from whom hope had fled, the Gospel came to restore hope and to restore it in a nobler form than that in which it had ever before been cherished. It told them of a spiritual freedom, more to be prized than bodily or civil liberty, and attainable without violence, without money and without price. It proclaimed liberation through faith in Christ from the bondage and guilt of sin, and pointed to a rest from toil and sorrow and sin which the most down-trodden could obtain by accepting Christ as their Saviour. While it may be a matter of dispute how far the Christian church by its discipline enforced upon converted masters the liberation of their slaves, there can be no doubt that it inculcated and required the exercise of clemency and kindness on their part toward their slaves, and that its tendency was to strike off the fetters of those unjustly bound. The liberation of slaves was assuredly encouraged. In numerous cases the act of manumission was so far identified with religion as to be performed in the presence of the congregation amidst great congratulations ; and Constantine, very soon after his profession of Christianity, made a law to sanction such proceedings on the Sabbath. Thus, to multitudes Chris-

tianity proved a precious boon for this life as well as for the world to come.

Fourth. Through the power of Christianity prejudices of class, nationality and race were largely eradicated or modified. The strength of such antipathies may be inferred from a statement made by Cicero in his treatise "De Officiis." He says that the word "Hostis" (enemy) originally meant the same as "Hospes," that is, a guest or stranger entertained; but that owing to the fact that the alien or stranger was so commonly regarded with suspicion and repugnance, the word, losing its primary signification, contracted that of "enemy." Whatever may be said of Cicero's etymology, there can be no doubt that he knew something of the history of his country and of the views and feelings that prevailed in it. Polytheism tended to maintain separations among tribes, and the selfishness of the human heart combined with it to perpetuate rancor and alienation. It may be admitted that the reduction of most of the known world under one government, which was accomplished about the beginning of our era, tended to a fusion of races and nationalities; but the effect of this was limited and superficial. A new religion and a new nature were needed to accomplish the overthrow of the spirit of caste and the barriers of ill will that sundered man from man. Christianity proved the fusing power whereby the haughty Roman and the polished Greek, the Jew and the Gentile, the rich and the poor were cemented together and brought to love each other as brethren; and this was one of the marvels which Christianity presented to the dazed eyes of Pagan onlookers. We are far from alleging that Christians were then faultless, or that Christianity had control of the hearts of all who were in some degree affected by it; yet that it produced a mighty moral revolution we must maintain.

Xenia, Ohio.

Across Oregon in a Buck-board.

By Mrs. Jean M. Morrow.

THE Synod of the Columbia, including the Presbytery of Oregon, has for long been impressed with the need of the gospel among the people east of the Cascade mountains, for the destitution is more pronounced in Oregon than in Washington.

In September, 1900, when the semi-centennial of Oregon United Presbyterianism was celebrated and the self sacrificing labors of the pioneer missionaries were recounted, Dr. Wallace asked, "Is there no one now ready, in the same spirit, to explore the needy fields of Eastern Oregon?"

The question was not a new one nor was the spirit of the pioneers lacking. More than one of the ministers of Western Oregon had with longing eyes, looked across the mountains toward this region, a large portion of which is as destitute of the gospel as are the slums of a great city. But the exigencies of home work and other providences had hitherto prevented the exploration of the field.

There being no railroad, except along the northern boundary of the state, the trip across the desert must of necessity be made by wagon, with camping outfit. The latter includes a tent for sleeping, cooking utensils to be used at a camp fire or camp stove, and food supplies. The "desert" must not be understood to mean a Sahara, wholly without rain or water. Many mountain streams and rivers are to be crossed and rain, during the winter months, is sure to come and is often abundant. Situated as we were at Simnasho, almost at the gateway of the line of travel into this unknown region, it was impossible not to come into touch with its needs.

So when we closed our labors among the Warm Springs Indians we decided to make the trip across Oregon. Selecting Malheur, the south east county of the state, as our

destination, we prepared for the flitting, shipping household goods by rail via the Dalles to Ontario on the Oregon Short Line, The Indians watched the process of packing and impressed with the difficulties of the undertaking suggested their method, which is to take all they conveniently can and burn the rest. Some of the friends at the Agency thought that we might better have gone by rail, but that would have defeated the very object of the trip. Brother Ashenhurst and family had arrived previous to our leaving and we enjoyed a delightful two weeks of fellowship. As he said, it seemed as if we had always dwelt together as one large family; three of them and four of us. It was a pleasure too to be able to take off at least the keen edge of their loneliness, inevitable on coming into a region so new and strange.

It was hard to take leave of our Indian friends, and their deep feeling at parting surprised us. On the other hand it was pleasant to feel that they, even including the open opposers of Christianity, were fully convinced of our honesty of purpose toward them. We left most of them in health, an unusual thing among them. One exception was little Philip Hull, the baby in whom the Juniors were so much interested a year before and who was lying on what proved to be his death-bed. Philip was a baptized member, a little fellow from whom with training from his Christian parents we were hoping much. He was a grand nephew of Marcus Whitman's ally, Itichus, than whom no missionary ever had a stauncher friend.

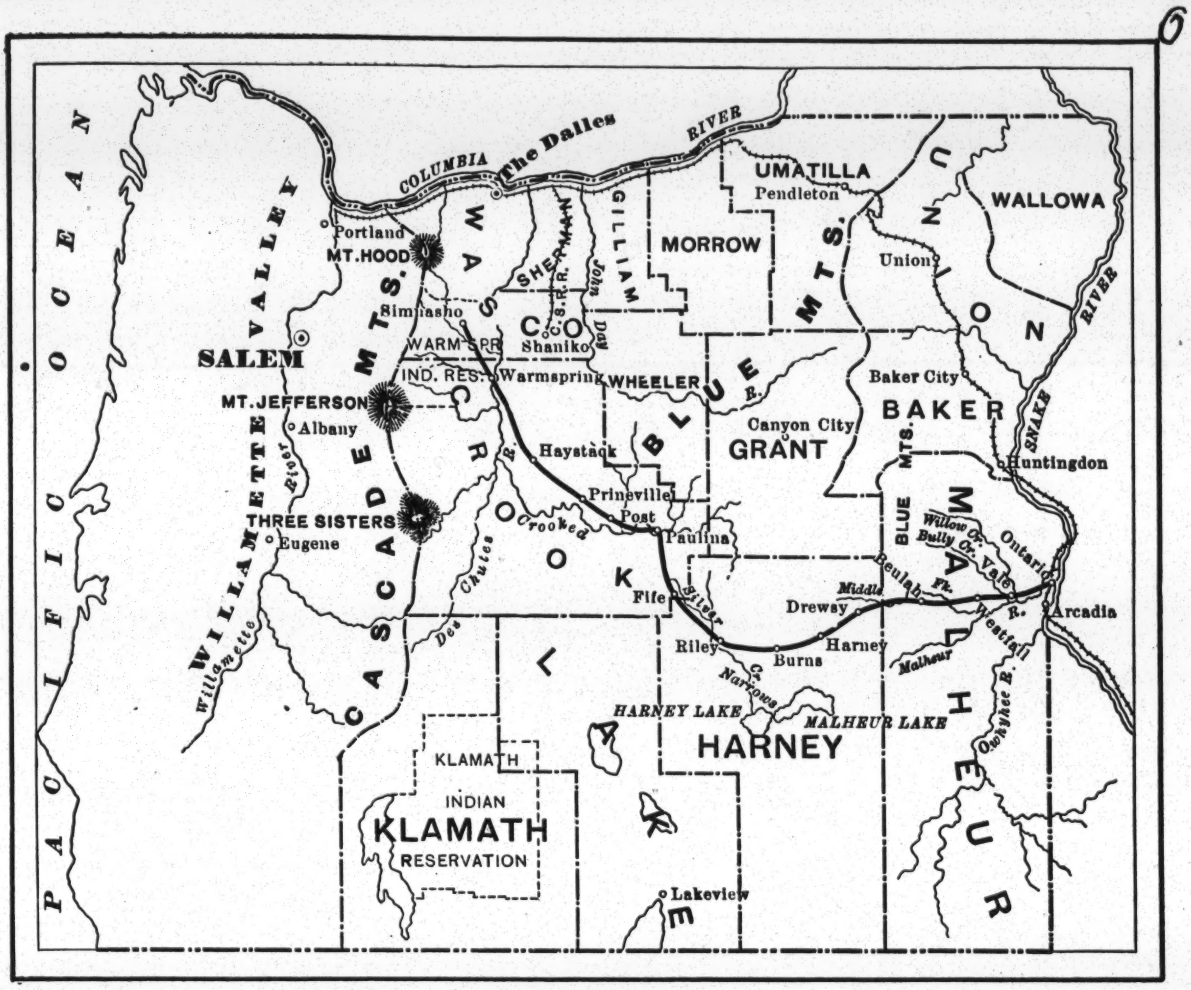
The following letter from a young Indian girl at Simnasho, was received by Frances on the way: "I received your letter and I was very glad to hear from you. I am going to tell you about the Indians. The Indians don't come back from the mountains ....but I am all right, so also my father and mother are all right. Tecupne is all right, but she is nearly blind, but I always remember you folks. I don't forget you all the time. From that time it makes me sorry very much to go to that house (parsonage) because I go to that house and you are not there.....The Indians don't come back from Yakma from hops. Mebe I will close my letter. The last time I never see you. You are lost from me and I am lost from you. You are gone from me forever. That is all. From your friend, goodbye. I never see you again."

Taking leave then of these simple minded people and with Brother Ashenhurst's tender prayers for our safety still in memory we started at noon, Friday, September 6th.

Two of us, with camping outfit and supplies for the trip, added to the thousand and one necessary articles, filled the buck-board. We wished to add a camp-stove which with little expense would have doubled the comfort, but we dared not add to the already heavy load. Our two daughters, Martha and Frances, drove a light but strong cart, which later on, when they began fording the deep, blue rivers, they rather disrespectfully dubbed the "baby carriage." Mrs. Ashenhurst writes that they felt very much alone when our caravan disappeared around the hill. But her newsy letters, albeit naught but Indian news, indicate that she was soon far too busy to be lonely. A reservation life may have its disadvantages, but loneliness is not one of them.

That night we spent under the hospitable roof of the Agency parsonage, making our first acquaintance with Mrs. Gordon and renewing early memories with Miss Gordon. Brother and Mrs. Gordon were rapidly adjusting themselves to the new work. Miss Montgomery was busy planning for the sick and helpless of the Agency and seeking information concerning the same class at Simnasho. We had no time to see the school, always of interest, but bade farewell to the employees, including the young lady teachers whose Christian influence upon some of the Warm Springs boys and girls is already manifest.

Crossing Des Chutes river in a ferry-boat we began the winding ascent of the two mile hill or rather mountain beyond. There had been a cloud burst a few days before and the road, never of the best, was washed out. At this point, as we had anticipated, the buck-board load began to prove too



MAP OF OREGON.

heavy for the smaller Indian pony. So he was then and there transferred to the cart. Driving in single harness had not been included in his training and the success of the experiment was uncertain. All went well, however, although we each found our our work cut out driving the next half hour. Sure footed as a mountain goat it was much to the little pony's credit that he made no attempt to scale the heights on the left or to plunge into the depths on the right. On the contrary he maintained a reputation for steadiness to the end of the journey, bounding along after the buckboard without undue haste or weariness. We had our lunch part way up the hill beside Tucker's spring with hot tea and coffee, dutifully extinguishing the small fire according to law.

Crossing Agency plain, a plateau with no water, we descended to Willow Basin where there is a solitary ranch house and wind pump. We had camped here the previous autumn on return from meeting of Synod. As we drove up, the little flock of seven lined the fence. They are bright pretty little people, boys and girls with no privileges of either day or Sabbath-school. They gratefully acknowledged the receipt of Sabbath-school literature, but until now had not known where it came from. The young mother came out and told us of their summer's work, which had been fairly successful. She was hoping to take the elder children to Haystack, nine miles away for their winter schooling, and remain with them while the father and grandmother would care for the little children and tend the ranch. A lonely life perhaps, but the father had fled from a city life of increasing toil of seven days in the week. Perhaps his feeling was that of David, "Let me fall into the hands of the Lord and not that of man." He has some neighbors; the snowy mountain peaks greet his vision daily and the air

is full of ozone.

In good time, Saturday p. m., we reached Haystack. The place, including the post-office, takes its name from a peak or rather butte which rises from the foot-hill, in shape similar to a long stack or rick of hay. Indeed there is a family of haystacks lying about, little buttes of various sizes but of the same general shape. Coming from the west one sees for miles a little butte exactly like a baby in long clothes lying along side its mamma. As the distance decreases, the butte resolves itself into two, still lying comfortably along side. Some of these buttes are of nearly solid rock, a flinty red, much like granite. Whether it is such or not, it certainly would take a high polish. The roadways are filled in and their sides mended with this beautiful material.

Of course when camping, water and hay are prime necessities. We expected to find both at Mr. Frank Hoffman's and were not disappointed. At this place the people, mostly the young people, for two or three years, conducted a union Sabbath-school. It was organized by Mr. Hoffman's mother, who left the fragrance of this good work behind her after a long visit to her son. The attendance was nearly 60 and the school was kept up throughout the year, except about six weeks in August and September when wheat threshing took great numbers of the people out of the neighborhood. For a year and a half they had been supplied with second hand Sabbath-school literature and cards by the overflow from Simnasho parsonage. The Juniors and others throughout the church sent these in so liberally for the Indians, who were also supplied by the Board of Publication with current literature, which went to the Indians who could read—that there was always enough for the babies and little children as well as for the older Indians who could not read. One woman always pleasantly insisted on having two cards and was a little choice of subjects besides. The unfailing generosity of the Juniors met all their wants and still there was enough for the Sabbath-school at Haystack.

Naturally we felt some degree of interest in this Sabbath-school and would have been glad to meet with it in full session, but at this time it was temporarily suspended. They have preaching once a month, but there was no appointment for this date. Mrs. Hoffman took pains to notify the people as far as possible and a very pleasant, and I hope profitable, impromptu service was held at the school house with 30 or 40 present, mostly, but not all, young people. There is no preaching within 25 miles of this interesting people, who with Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman showed us unstinted kindness. A letter since received from Mrs. Hoffman says: "How negligent we grow. I tremble when I think how God is set aside, as it were, and earthly pleasure and gain hold the world in its grasp." The country is fairly well settled and we saw many new ranches just opening up. There are more wells and springs than we had expected to see. The winter rains make the wheat crop possible, but gardens and vegetables require some irrigation. Here, Sept. 7th, we received the first news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley. Neither there or elsewhere on the way did we hear aught but expressions of horror and detestation of the anarchy which was responsible for it. However, we did hear of a few who were roughly handled for expressing sympathy with the anarchists.

Prineville, the metropolis of that part of the country twenty-five miles further, is reached by a fairly good road over a rough hilly country. Irrigation from Crooked river begins to appear near the town, making the desert to blossom. The population is nearly one thousand, at least in winter when cattle and sheep men come in from the mountains. It is a thriving, beautifully built, little white city. There are two churches, Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian, the latter lately organized from United Presbyterian element, with an ex United Presbyterian for Sabbath-school superintendent. It is a hard but needy field. The pastor is including two other destitute places, Hay Creek, twenty five miles north west, and Post, about the same distance east. We camped for the night

four miles east of Prineville at the ranch of a kindly old German. He had a fine spring of pure water and was digging a well besides.

A rough drive next day up hill and down, past isolated ranches, some of them well-improved, brought us at noon to a beautiful dense grove of junipers. These trees usually grow singly, sometimes in clumps and but seldom in groves. There was a small house for the temporary use of the herders. A bunch of cattle was being driven to Prineville and a lady in an elegant riding habit, an excellent horsewoman, aided her husband in the driving. We slept that night at Post, under the roof of hospitable Southern friends. Our hostess, a lovely Christian full of missionary spirit, had often besought us to "come over and help" them, an invitation we were constrained to decline. Almost the only Christian in the settlement, she made her influence for good to be seen and felt in her day school, as well as elsewhere. Onward from Post, over "roads as rough as Browning's poetry," as Anthony Froude would say, the settlements began to grow sparse, and soon the unbroken desert held sway. At Mowry's, however, where we nooned, there was good irrigation and the hay and garden were fine. A half mile from here the road, washed into a deep cut, dropped abruptly down into the small stream. We were advised to make a detour of three miles past another ranch in order to escape the crossing. As we dragged the slow length around, our after-thought was that we might have scrambled over the little stream somehow and have walked the shorter distance while the team was driven around. Coming again in reach of Crooked river, the results of irrigation were manifest in the beautiful homes. From this on, alfalfa hay could sometimes be had. The second crop was being cut and the ground was surprisingly well covered by the heavy windrows.

At Paulina, where we spent the night of the 12th, there was some farming, but the cattle industry predominated. From here until we reached civilization at Burns the people would fill a two quart pail with creamy, new milk and would take nothing for it. One could buy eggs but never milk. It rained during the night but, with East Oregon regularity, cleared up in the morning. Oats had not been threshed and our horses had to be content with wild or slough hay.

It was forty miles to Fife, the next post office which we hoped to reach that night in order to get through to Burns by Saturday evening. We were told to keep to the road best traveled and that oats could be had at a ranch on the way. We met a single man on horseback soon after starting, then on to the silence of the desert. Following the beaten track, a signboard, an unusual thing, turned us off into a road less traveled toward Burns. This gradually grew dim and finally ended in a faint trail in the grass. Two adjoining ranches, with buildings, soon appeared, a half mile or so from the trail and Mr. Morrow walked over to them to get road directions and if possible to find water and food for the horses. But the buildings were evidently for temporary use of haymakers and were vacant and there was no water. Taking our reckonings from the rather unfamiliar mountains in sight, we concluded that the road, whether the right one or not, would come out somewhere. And as there was nowhere else to go we kept to it. It soon led into the real desert, hot, dusty and sagey. The fragrance of the latter was no new thing, but this day there was added a salty odor, as of pickles just out of brine. We have carried drinking water and finding a trickling stream between high banks, led the horses down to water. Giving them a small feed of corn meal they were tied to the sage bush to pick at the slender supply of bunch grass while we took our own lunch in the shelter of other sage. Even this small shadow brought coolness and refreshment. About three o'clock we came to a farm with barn and house, dooryard enclosed and a gate at the front. And there was a well of water. The presence of the house dog led to the inference that the absence of the family was only temporary.

(*To be continued.*)

Editorial.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Early in January a message came from Dr. C. Jane Vincent, telling us how pleased she had been with the italicized paragraphs appearing in the last MAGAZINE with regard to the Freedmen's mission. Little did we think that it was the last communication we should have from her, and that suddenly, in the prime of her vigor and usefulness, the Divine summons should come, and her life of service to God and man should, as far as earth is concerned, be brought to a close. Dr. Vincent, whose name has been so intimately associated with the work of the W. G. M. S. among the Freedmen, after an illness of only half an hour was, at 1:30 a. m. on January 7th, called from her busy life here to what will be for her, we believe, an eternity of bliss. Her services, so enthusiastic and efficient in behalf of the church, will be missed, and the many who loved her will feel that earth is poorer since she has gone. The MAGAZINE realizes that as a periodical it has lost a sincere friend, and the editors personally join with those who mourn. Of the immediate members of her family we think with sympathy, and invoke upon them those consolations of grace which are neither few nor small.

It is our intention that a biographical sketch of Dr. Vincent shall soon appear in our pages.

From India comes the sad news that a son of Rev. J. H. Martin recently died in Bhera. Hearts ache there as well as here, and no land is immune from the entrance of grief. Our sincere sorrow is for those bereaved.

Although some minor notes will doubtless steal into our strains of thanksgiving, let these not entirely interfere with our songs of praise. It is the season of spiritual thank-offering. May our hearts be filled with the spirit of gratitude, and may our deeds be then but the reflex of our thoughts.

As we read of Mr. Charles Lockhart's generous gift of ten thousand dollars to the Aged People's Home at Wilkinsburg, we could but think how great a content will enter into the donor's soul whenever he reflects that by his instrumentality God has relieved those who in their helpless age should appeal to all sensitive hearts. What joy must it bring to one to be able truthfully to say with Job, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. * * * * I was a father to the poor." Many will pray that this cheerful giver may have God's benediction, without which the most affluent is but poor indeed.

Happy is he who has at his disposal great sums from which he may make large gifts to God; but let not him who has only a little to bestow be discouraged from making his offering to the Lord's cause. Much depends upon the faithful, regular payment of the "mites," and only God can know which shall prosper "whether this or that." He discerns the hearts of men, and sees if each one has a mind to give. A pauper's humble gift may in one aspect be as truly liberal as the munificence of a millionaire.

Mr. G. W. Morrison, of our India mission, has, on account of his wife's failing health, reluctantly decided to return to this country, here in all probability to remain permanently. The church can but regret the

loss of these useful workers from its missionary force, and will surely sympathize with them in what must be a grievous disappointment. We hope that Mrs. Morrison may find health in her native land. These friends, in company with Misses Spencer and Fulton and Rev. D. R. Gordon and his family, intend to sail from Bombay on the fifteenth of March. It is expected that Dr. M. A. Platter will ere long leave India for her furlough. May a comfortable journey await these returning missionaries! Mrs. Gordon and her little son are both much recovered, we are glad to learn, from the very serious illness which was their portion recently.

By this time the societies will have fairly entered upon the study of church history regarded from a missionary point of view. We trust that many have sent to Miss Caughey for Via Christi—for which, by the way, we could have wished an English title, though it is proving an excellent, available hand-book. It is hoped that earnest students will not be limited to its pages, but will read more ample histories as well. When we consider the horrible persecutions and fiery trials of various sorts to which were subjected the poor Christians of the early ages—themselves as yet only partially instructed, and when we recall their heroic constancy, we are filled with admiration and are constrained to cry out, "Surely, the great power of God was manifested in these first converts!" Little do we understand what lies behind these touching words of Paul: "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, * * * and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Well might the brutal Nero be likened to that grim beast.

Our friend, the Christian Instructor, has somewhat altered and, we think, improved the form of its periodical. Under whatever shape it may make its appearance, it has always had the good wishes of the MAGAZINE.

We have read that Miss Stone's mother said, "I would rather have my daughter a missionary than to see her a queen upon a throne." If such an atmosphere surrounded the youth of the captive missionary, we wonder less at her devotion, though our admiration of it does not diminish.

Mr. William R. Campbell, Field Secretary and General Manager of the movement to secure an Anti-Polygamy Constitutional amendment, made an excellent address on "Mormonism and Purity" before the National Purity Convention in Chicago last fall. We regret that a copy of this was not in our hands at the time when we were specially studying the Mormon question; for it is a masterly arraignment of the doctrine and practice of the Latter Day Saints. We are glad to see that in whole or in part it has appeared quite widely in the religious papers of the country. Perhaps it is difficult for the most of us to realize that this issue is a pressing one, but our eyes may be a little opened when we read in the columns of the Christian Instructor that "the United Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches of Sewickley, Pa., have joined forces for a campaign against the Mormons who have invaded that town." These emissaries of a false religion are very active in localities a long distance from Utah. As Mr. Campbell says, "Mormonism does not propose to be ignored, and cannot be ignored. It is pushing its way into every county, city, town, village and hamlet in the land. It is invading our churches and our homes, and proselyting many of the fairest and best. It is putting its hands upon the ballot-box and controling the political destinies of states. One state it entirely owns, and six other states and territories it demoralizes by its balance of power methods, while it hopes soon to gain enough proselytes to enable it, through its colonizing schemes, to gain control of the politics of enough additional states to enable it forever to prevent the ratification of an Anti-Polygamy Constitutional amendment."

Last month the MAGAZINE sent out cir-

culars for distribution among the women of our church in the hope that those who are not already on our list of subscribers may feel stimulated to expend sixty cents, in return for which our Committee promises to do its very best in the way of providing an instructive, helpful, and yet not dull MAGAZINE. We do not by this mean to laud our own efforts, but simply to assure our readers that we are not ungrateful to our friends for the interest they take in that work which we call "ours," though we feel sure that it is theirs also. It is our earnest hope and solicitation that the presidents and secretaries of societies, in collaboration with the local Magazine agents, will take pains to have these leaflets put into the hands of all who are not regular subscribers to the MAGAZINE. Those who are already taking this monthly will not need to read the arguments contained in our circular; but that they may be cognizant of the effort which we are making, we subjoin a copy.

The Women's Missionary Magazine.

Published by THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY *of the* UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE, XENIA, OHIO.

You are invited to become a subscriber to this Magazine, because

It Appeals to the women of the church as an exponent of the special work committed to their care in the Home and Foreign Mission fields.

Its Articles are original, or well selected, affording information and offering suggestions upon general or special lines of work.

Its Editorials aim to take cognizance of the salient features and varying phases of the same.

Its Correspondence and news from the workers in the field are copious, giving details that tend to bring them into sympathetic contact with the reader.

Its Young Peoples' Department gives special attention to the Junior organizations of the Church.

Its Illustrations are of high quality and as a rule are especially prepared for it.

Its Price is sixty cents a year, scarcely more than one cent a week. Those who subscribe once, generally do so again.

Your Subscription would be appreciated and helpful in the promotion of the cause for which the Church is so strenuously devoted.

Hand your subscription to .....

Owing to unavoidable delay, we are informed by Miss Caughey, that the leaflets on Parsonage Work and Home Missions and Ministerial Relief are not yet ready. The leaflet entitled "I can," however, is now available. It is with true sorrow that we learn of the illness of some members of the Woman's Board, which is at this time also sadly stricken by the death of Dr. Vincent.

———

Organization of forces and association with others are great aids in the work of missions; yet sometimes we become so much a part of the machine that we lose the sense of personal responsibility for individual souls, and are disposed to regard the unsaved in the aggregate Thus we miss the actual contact with our fellowmen which humanizes and stimulates us. From the Missionary Review is taken the accompanying incident, which illustrates the possibility of one's doing great good without bringing to bear all the enginery of a formal society. But we should be surprised if the woman of whom the story is related is not a member of some local missionary society, if such should exist in her town.

"A year ago a woman was living near a town where 50 Italians came to work. She became very much distressed at the heathenish way in which they lived, for she discovered that they never went to church and that the nearest Roman Catholic priest had not taken the trouble to look them up. Most of them could speak no English and she could speak no Italian; so she was at a loss to know how to help them. Learning that almost all of them could read in their native tongue, she purchased copies of the New Testament in Italian, and gave one to each man. It was not long before one of the leaders came to her and asked if there was a church where they could go and hear that book read. He said most of the men were reading it, many of them with much interest. She consulted with her pastor, and they arranged to have a man come from the neighboring city and preach to them in Italian. The men were so interested and grateful that other meetings followed, until now that church has what might be called an Italian annex, and the results of the work are most gratifying."

———

Dr. Maria White must have had many sad thoughts in her heart when she and Miss Logan sailed for India on January 4th. Her sister, Margaret, died suddenly on December 24th, and the glad Holiday season was darkened for her friends. There is sadness all around us, but let us wait for "the eternal spring."

———

The Presbyterian church in the United States is looking forward with gratification to celebrating this year the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of its work for Home Missions. The first standing committee was appointed in 1802. Since that time 5600 churches have been established or assisted in this department of work, and between twenty-two and twenty-three millions of dollars have been expended in its behalf. This denomination has done a noble work for Christ in the United States and elsewhere, and they do well to render praise and gratitude to God who has wrought it all.

———

The name of Egypt and the mission-work there will serve to introduce a quotation from a cordial letter received from Rev. William I. Haven, corresponding secretary of that noble organization, the American Bible Society. He says:—"I have just returned from Egypt where I had the great pleasure of meeting the members of the American Mission at Cairo. I was greatly delighted with what I saw. The United Presbyterian mission there seems to be the great evangelistic and educational force, lifting up that country to higher ideals. Egypt certainly has a wonderful future ahead of it, in which your workers are to play no little part." We appreciate these words from the representative of that society which has done so much to help the world.

———

We are much indebted to Miss Frances Morrow for the drawing from which was made the map standing at the head of Mrs. Morrow's article in this issue. From this account of a trip across Oregon, we may learn something of the great spiritual destitution of that part of this great country. Is not this a true mission-field? Not in Africa

and Asia and the New Hebrides only is the Gospel required; but men in America must be saved in just the same way as are the inhabitants of the Dark Continent. We hope to have next month another instalment of Mrs. Morrow's story of experience. Mrs Morrow wishes us to say that in preparing the map, much help was gained from the one published by the Oregon State Board of Agriculture.

If any one desires to see Africa before it has ceased to be the Dark Continent, he would better make haste to go there; for we read that "Livingstonia is to be lighted by electricity." Would that the shadowed souls in Africa might be illumined by that Light of Life which, in those hearts where once its gracious rays have truly fallen shall never know extinction.

Again we are called upon to present as a frontispiece the face of one whose memory is so fragrant that those who loved her care to have her influence perpetrated. It will be remumbered that the Memorial Fund, suggested originally by the Muskingum Presbyterial, is to be used toward erecting a memorial building for a girls' school at Luxor, Egypt. It is the intention to have in this building a tablet upon which will be engraved the names of those in whose memory gifts are presented. The name of Mrs. Boden, whose picture appeared in the September Magazine, will be the fisrt upon this tablet, and Miss Carson's the second.

From the Church Missionary Intelligencer, London, England, we clip this paragraph:

"A remarkable scheme has been set on foot by some influential Christian men for the extensive distribution of Bibles, New Testaments, and single Gospels, in India, in memory of the late Queen-Empress. Although the vast majority of the Indian people cannot read, there are probably now twenty-five millions who can, and education is spreading rapidly. The idea is that Christians in England should give one or more copies of God's Word (or part of it) to each reading native; and it is suggested that men should send to men, women to women, children to children."

The plan is very systematically worked out, and the donors "are invited to pray for the unknown recipients of the gifts; but they may perhaps not remain unknown, for a notice in the vernacular is to be given with each copy, explaining the scheme, and inviting the recipient to write to the donor."

We make another selection from the same periodical:

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

"I was one of a small party who took a tour through Egypt and Palestine. One of our company was a thorough out-and-out Christian clergyman, who had introductory letters to many of the C. M. S. men in Cairo and elsewhere. We landed in Cairo at four o'clock. Colonel T—— (one of our party), myself, and this clergyman would forego our dinner at the hotel every evening, and *every night we were there* we attended meetings of some kind, held for the well-being of some or other of the native races. We met some of the most earnest, devoted and lovable men and women one could meet with anywhere, doing most noble work for the love of the Master and poor humanity. Everywhere we found it the same. Amongst the Mohammedans, Greeks, Syrians, Lepers Jews and all sorts of people, we found the Christian missionary at work.

"Yet—on my return—a fellow-passenger, who had been to Cairo for two or three months, who is at the present moment the editor of one of our most popular magazines told me that he believed Christian Missions had come to an end, for he had seen nothing of such work during all his stay in Egypt!!" B. J. W.

"What can I spare?" we say:
"Ah, this and this,
From mine array
I am not like to miss:

And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf"—
And yet, one reads, our Father gave His Son,
Our Master gave Himself.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A Great Convention! Will You Be There?

Now that the New Year has been ushered in, we think it is time for our women to turn their thoughts toward Xenia. You ask why? Because we are expecting to hold a

great meeting there in May—the nineteenth annual convention of the W. G. M. S. A message has already been received from the local executive committee, telling us that our hostesses are planning for us. Their reputation for hospitality has long been established; so we are sure a right royal welcome awaits us.

But more than this; the program is assuming a form which is more than a mere skeleton. We wish that we could give some part to all the bright women who have been so highly recommended to us, but it is our desire to represent as many different Presbyterial societies as possible.

Gladly would we act upon all suggestions which have been so kindly offered if it were our power to do so. The plea has come from many quarters: "Make the convention very practical, so that our delegates will bring back to us that which we can put into practice in our local societies." That is just what we are aiming to do. We are praying and working and hoping for great results. It is our desire that every reader of the Magazine will bear us often in the arms of faith to a throne of grace.

We have been greatly cheered during the past months by the kind letters received, and would plead with you for prompt replies to all letters during these coming weeks; for the time is short.

May the Holy Spirit guide all who shall participate in any way and that there may go forth from this convention streams which shall make glad the city of our God, is our earnest prayer.

MRS. H. T. JACKSON.

Notice to Presbyterial Recording Secretaries.

Blanks for the annual statistical reports of the presbyterial and congregational missionary societies will be mailed in February to the addresses of presbyterial recording secretaries, as given in the minutes of 1901, unless otherwise ordered. Please notify the undersigned at once of any change in addresses of above mentioned officers, and oblige

MRS. MARY W. PORTER, Statistical Sec.
624 Main St., Latrobe, Pa.

Outlined Programs from March to December.

These programs on the various Union Study Topics are not quite the same as those suggested by Miss Hodgkins in her book, "Via Christi." Societies which secure that text-book will no doubt prefer to follow the outlines prepared by her. Some hints partly selected from her list and partly original with the Magazine are given here, however, for any who may choose to use them.

MARCH—SECOND MISSION STUDY.

1. The victory of Christianity as the state religion under the first Christian Emperor.
2. Constantine.
3. Origin of the Nestorian church, and account of its missions.
4. The Progress of Christianity in Europe.
5. Patrick, Columbia, Austin.
6. Some noted Christian leaders of this period, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine of Hippo, Bede, Ulfilas.
7. The Rise of Mohammedanism.
8. The church in Africa
9. Brigida and the Abbess Hilda.
10. The Translations of the Bible.

APRIL—EGYPT.

1. The United Presbyterian educational work in Egypt.
2. The Native Pastors.
3. The Bible Society in Egypt.
4. The present prospect for our Church in the Soudan.
5. Temperance Work in Egypt.
6. How can we help our foreign missionaries?

At roll call respond by giving items with regard to some of our missionaries in Egypt.

MAY—THIRD MISSION STUDY.

1. Synopsis of secular history during this period.
2. "The Holy Roman Empire"—what was meant by the term?
3. Charlemagne in his relation to Christianity.
4. Brief sketches of the advance of the Gospel in the various countries of Europe.
5. Methods, good and bad, employed in the propagation of Christianity during this period.
6. Charlemagne's Schools.
7. Character Sketches: Alcuin of York, and Ansgar.
8. The work of the Greek church.

JUNE—THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. Brief sketches of our mission-stations and work among the Indians.
2. Do the Indians make worthy members of the United Presbyterian church?
3. Evils of intemperance among the Indians.
4. Romanism and the Red man.
5. Has this nation set a Christian example in its dealing with the Indians?
6. The Indian Girl, her dangers, her training at home and in the mission, her future.

JULY—FOURTH MISSION STUDY.

1. The Crusades.
2. Bernard of Clairvaux.
3. Elements of error and weakness in the so

called missionary movements of this period.
4. The story of Raymond Lull.
5. John Wiclif.
6. Oral sketches, (a) John Hus. (b) Jerome of Prague.
7. The Invention of Printing : Was it an aid to the Reformation ?
8. Missionary Efforts in India and China.

AUGUST—REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

1. The organization of the W. G. M. S. How is its work done ?
2. Give a list of all the departments assigned to the oversight of the W. G. M. S.
3. What are the uses of conventions ?
4. Outline of the Foreign Work under the care of the W. G. M. S.
5. What does the W. G. M. S. do in the Home field ?
6. What are the special needs at present ?
7. How may individual societies aid the W. G. M. S. Consult "A Prosperous Work" and the July MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER—FIFTH MISSION STUDY.

1. Influences conducive to the rise and advance of the Protestant Reformation.
2. Reasons why the Protestant church did not in its early stage, enter extensively into foreign missionary enterprises.
3. Martin Luther.
4. The Reformation in France and Switzerland
5. The first Protestant mission in South America.
6. The Influence of John Calvin.
7. The Waldenses
8. The British Reformers.
9. Chief features of the Jesuit Missions.
10. Contrast between the work of John Eliot and that of Francis Xavier.
11. Questions for discussion : (a) What, aside from God's Spirit, was the great agent in producing the Reformation ? (b) Could the Reformation be called a missionary movement ?
12. The dawn of organization of Protestant missionary associations.

OCTOBER—THE FREEDMEN.

1. Of what departments of this work do the women of our church have special charge ?
2. The great wisdom of industrial training.
3. The agricultural work in Alabama
4. The Prospects of United Presbyterianism among the colored people.
5. What work is in view for the coming year ?

NOVEMBER—SIXTH MISSION STUDY.

1. The Halle Missionaries.
2. Founding of the great missionary societies.
3. Moderatism and the Re-action from it.
4. The Wesleys and Whitefield.
5. Moravian Missions.
6. Work among the American Indians. (a) Jonathan Edwards. (b) David Brainerd.
7. The disastrous introduction of the Opium made.
8. Biographical Sketches, (a) William Carey, (b) Hans Egede, (c) Count Zinzendorf, (d) Henry Martyn.

At roll-call respond with lessons gleaned from the general survey of these mission studies.

DECEMBER—INDIA.

1. Give a list of our missionaries in India at present. State, if possible, the date of their entrance upon the work and their special location.
2. How may the home church best show its interest in foreign missions ?
3. The Native Christians in India.
4. Sketch of Hannah Marshman.
5. The need of Christian literature in India.

At roll-call, respond with instances of the benefit India has received from Christianity. M. H. W.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY TOPICS FOR 1902.

January. Paul to Constantine—From the Apostolic Age to the Christianization of the Roman Empire. First to the Fourth Century.

February. Home Missions ; Church Extension and Parsonage Fund ; Ministerial Relief.

March. Constantine to Charlemagne—From the Christianization of the Roman Empire to the Establishment of the Christi Empire of the West. Fourth to the Ninth Century.

April. Egypt.

May. Charlemagne to Bernard of Clairvaux—From the Establishment of the Christian Empire of the West to the Crusading Church. Ninth to the Twelth Century.

June. North American Indians.

July. Bernard of Clairvaux to Luther—From the Crusading Church to the Reformation. Twelth to the Sixteenth Century.

August. Review of the Year's Work.

September. Luther to the Halle Missionaries—From the Reformation to the Foundation of Early European Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel. Sixteenth to Eighteenth Century.

October. Missions Among the Freedmen.

November. The Halle Missionaries to Carey and Judson—From the Foundation of Early European Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century Missions. Eighteenth to the Nineteenth Century.

December. India.

Thank-offering.

Our Watchword for 1902.

Look Up and Read!
Look Up and Pray!
Look Up and Work!
Look Up and Give!

What the Heathen do for Me.

They keep me from living for self alone,
And just in a narrow groove:
They claim all the knowledge I've ever known
And all the skill and the love.

For how can I harden my selfish heart
With those helpless ones in doubt?
And how shall I sing my heavenly part
If the heathen are left out?

Ah! when they accept the truth that they feel,
And honor God's sacred name,
They set an example of faith and zeal
Which I may follow with shame.

They deepen the channel where flow my prayers,
And kindle anew my praise:
They teach me to turn to the One who cares,
And plead with Him all my days.—SELECTED.

A Thank-Offering Message to the Women of the Church.

A New Year always brings with it new interests, but we come to the grand good faithful women in our church, not to present to them new schemes for work in our Master's cause, but to revive and quicken the interests in the old custom of proving our gratitude to God for His constant goodness to us by giving to Him our Thank-offerings. *Some may (and yet we trust no Christian woman does)* get weary of having this beautiful method of giving to the Lord's cause kept before their minds through the columns of the MAGAZINE month by month, but if one single soul is brought nearer to her Master through these efforts, and through the giving of Thank-offerings, we will feel that the Lord's blessing rests upon the work.

The offerings of a few years ago were given largely by comparatively few societies. Last year every Presbyterial, and we believe almost, if not all societies, contributed toward giving into the Lord's treasury the large sum of $40,000. The financial ability of the women of the church to give liberal offerings, and their willingness to give, were never so thoroughly demonstrated as during the time from May, 1900 to May, 1901. They were well tested and tried and they proved themselves fully worthy of caring for the "great trust" committed to their charge.

At the present time, the urgent need of every department of our mission work calls loudly for enlarged gifts. Will not the women of our church heed the call and turn a listening ear to those who are crying to them for help? Only two months are left for societies to prepare for the "Ingathering Day." With some it is held during the latter part of March; with others early in April. Yet there is ample time for Presbyterial Thank-offering secretaries and congregational committees to do good work if they will only improve it well. Begin *at once* and plan to have the very best program of exercises for the women and the Juniors you have ever had. If you hold your service on a week day or evening

make your plans for a Missionary Tea so attractive that no one will be willing to miss it.

It remains for the active workers in every society—Senior and Junior—to aid the congregational Thank-offering committee to make this coming offering the very best yet given. Best, not simply in the amount given, but best in the number of contributors, and best in the devotional spirit in which the gifts are given.

When Christians really long to do great things for the Master's cause, they pray for guidance to accomplish these, and prayer becomes the prophecy of fulfillment.

"Expect great things, attempt great things," and rich results must follow. But remember that individual prayers, individual efforts and individual gifts, as well as united service, will greatly effect the future of our beautiful Thank-offering work. May God direct our every plan and own and bless all our efforts.

Sincerely Yours, for a large offering in May, 1902.

(MRS.) MARY CLOKEY PORTER.

"A Sacrifice of Thanksgiving."

To those who think that Christians of today have little to do with the Old Testament, it must seem strange that so often we find ourselves going back to the old Jewish days to find inspiration and example for our work. "The sacrifice of thanksgiving." What was it in that olden time?

It seems to have been one of several peace-offerings, to be brought under different circumstances, the idea of *peace* dominating them all, through the covenant under which the Jews lived. With that peace the act of thanksgiving was closely linked.

We, in our day, have no need, thank God! of the repeated offerings by which that peace was secured, our one great Sacrifice having been offered once for all upon Calvary, "to bear the sins of many." But the "sacrifice of thanksgiving"—does not that belong to us, even as to those of old?

Surely we owe it far more than did the Jews of that day. They offered it—for what? For Jehovah's care over them and His leadership of them; for the great blessings bestowed upon them whenever they obeyed His voice; for His wonderful patience and forbearance toward them in their wandering and sin; for His victories over their enemies and His kingdom established among them. And have not we Christians in this 20th century the very same grounds for thanksgiving, with an infinitely precious addition in the presence of the Comforter, sent by our risen Lord Jesus Christ from His Father's throne?

No need of bloody sacrifices by priestly hands—the devotion of the heart and service of the life are what our Lord asks now of us, and from these should surely flow the offering of gifts to His treasury.

In one place in Leviticus, where the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" is mentioned, the significant words are added: "Offer it at your own will." No obligatory, reluctant offering is asked or allowed, but the oft-repeated call for gifts from "the willing heart," is implied.

How is it with us, who are about to bring our offering to the mission cause? Let us look away down to the bottom of these wayward hearts of ours, and see what is there. Will your offering be made because a little envelope has come to you inviting it, and you do not like to decline? Will you give a very little which you will never miss from your purse, just to quiet a conscience otherwise uncomfortable?

Or will you, out of a deep, burning love for the dear Lord, who has bought you with His own precious blood, offer what will really be a "sacrifice of thanksgiving"—laying a gift upon His altar which has cost you something in self-denial or effort?

If such offerings are truly made at this time by the "willing-hearted" all over our beloved church, it will go towards lifting the burdens of those at home who care for this work, and making possible a great forward movement on mission ground. God grant it!—*Presbyterian Leaflet.*

Maggie's Gift.

BY GERTRUDE M. JONES.

The minister's eyes swept with intense

searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, wordly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and of the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of desolation crept over him.

"God help me," his lips murmured, mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure which was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying, brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give; I want the people in the mountains to hear 'bout my Saviour. O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart?

"Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere; "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, an' is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best frien' what helps you ter git into the park where the birds sing, an' takes you ter preachin', an' makes your life happy."

"Oh, no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will. He give up more'n that for me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch, and placed it in the hands of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then, comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people?" he faltered at last: "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed, and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does anyone want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child, who is helpless without it?" the minister asked, gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah, you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion.

Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love which prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought of the future, of how she would get to her humble home, or of the days when she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it, with the blind faith of Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered into her ears:

"Maggie, dear, your crutch has made $600 for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like the flash of light there came the consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3: 10."—*Leaflet.*

Missionary Correspondence.

American Mission Hospital, Asyut, Egypt.

Six weeks ago we moved into the new hospital. What a busy life it has been! Time seems to have gone without reckoning! What with the tearing down and putting up again of beds (receiving and caring for sick people at the same time) and looking after the cleaners and remaining carpenters, who have not yet finished the building, calling one here to put up a shelf, shave the edge of a door that would not close properly, repair a new lock that had been broken ere we scarce had got into the house, tighten up a screw here, drive a nail there and correct little mistakes made by some careless workman, together with the constant calls for more bedding, and more beds too, as patients came in thick and fast needing immediate attention, we feel that we have at times forgotten there were any other toilers in the whole world beside ourselves.

Nights, often broken in upon on account of serious cases, seemed insufficient to rest us for the duties of each succeeding day. Mattresses had all to be renovated and which though orders had been given long before the time needed, were not ready, causing considerable embarrassment and vexation. That seems a small trifle to be vexed about; nevertheless there were sick, weary ones looking to us for a place to rest and be healed, and they had to sleep a night or two without pillows while the workmen were hurried at the last moment when they should have been ready long before. More beds were ordered and we waited impatiently for their arrival from Cairo where the dealers waited for their arrival from England. We put patients on the floor on divans, old springs and in every possible way we could manage. The patients' number increased from thirty-five to thirty-eight, with no increase of assistants to take care of them. One good worker, whom we had trained and who had been with us for three years, left us in the early summer, but there came an excellent one in her place, loaned to us for a year by the North Africa Mission—Miss Gertrude Vander Molen. A young English lady has also entered to take training for six months, who does night duty a good part of her time. Yet the work is heavy and the workers few.

I stood wondering what lesson the Lord had for us to learn when, a few days ago, I visited the resting-place of a dear young nurse who came to us in August. She promised her service to us freely for a year, but after serving one short month, laid down her precious life, and, after one week's illness, entered into rest. How much help she was to us and comfort to the sick ones! How sweet her influence upon them and upon us all! But we can thank Him who doeth all things for His own glory that we know her joy is now complete, and who would wish her back again. How selfish it would be! She has left this world of pain and put on immortality.

We were startled by the cry of "fire" a week ago. An error had been committed by the builders of the chimney flue allowing a board to remain extended into the flue from the top of a door which had been built beside the chimney. Fortunately Doctors Henry and Askren were near at the time, making the morning rounds; so the fire was soon extinguished without much damage. The pretty little dining room would have been soon destroyed but for timely aid. We have much cause for thanksgiving that it was not worse and that the house which God has given us is preserved to His own

work. We have many blessings this Thanksgiving time and our hearts overflow with thanks for all the good things God has bestowed on us, and we are sure that He will cause His own work to prosper and send helpers in due time.

E. DORCAS TEAS.

Luxor Girls' Boarding School.

LUXOR, EGYPT, Oct., 28, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—For more than one month and a half I have been wanting to tell you about this new child of the mission—this "Luxor Girls' Boarding School." It is just one month and a half old, but is in a flourishing condition and promises to have a healthy growth. But like most of sturdy, healthy children it is making itself heard and her wants are many—and has kept me, her stepmother, so busy that I have not had time to write. It began its existence with a flourish of trumpets, clashing of cymbals and waving of flags. Let me tell you how it happened,

The school was advertized to begin on the 11th of September. When I came to Luxor a little before this time, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Murch, we found that nothing had been done at the house we had taken for the school and it was in a most uninhabitable condition. None of the repairs we had ordered done were touched, and we wondered how we could possibly get things ready by the opening day. It is the custom here to have a great display on the day one begins any new work. So our native friends had planned a fine opening and by pushing workmen rather hard we managed to get the lower part of the house about ready for the school to begin on the day appointed. On the morning of that day we went to the church, which had been very tastefully decorated with flags and palm-branches, and there, for about three hours, we heard well prepared speeches in high Arabic setting forth the necessity of *educating the girls.* It was a grand occasion for Luxor. The church was simply crowded with high and low, rich and poor. It made one feel that there were wonderful opportunities here for bringing in some sheaves for the Lord's harvest.

It made me feel, too, that since there was so much interest manifested in the education of girls that the opening of a new Boarding School would be an easy thing. But it is "never all smooth sailing near the shore," and we have not found ourselves just floating along without any difficulty. Dr. and Mrs. Murch had to go away to their work on the river, for I suppose it is known to most of you that Dr. Murch is the only missionary in this vast district. So it was necessary for them to go at once and I was left behind all alone.

The heat was very trying—sand-flies and mosquitoes plentiful. The dust and dirt, mortar and cement, white-washing and carpentering made the house not very "homelike," to say the least. And when the school was needing most attention, because of lack of teachers, and the workmen constant superintendence, an attack of ophthalmia came on. To be shut up for days in a dark, dusty room, with none to speak a word of English to, is rather a trying experience.

But that is all over now and the school is fairly well started and word is being sent from almost every direction that girls are coming until I am beginning to be alarmed about the size of our honse. I hope the dear friends will not forget that we shall need to begin to build our new building soon in order to be ready for the girls whom the Lord will send to us. The land is purchased, a nice, high wall is built around it, and now we are just waiting for the command "Go forward."

What a grand work could be done for the Master here if every family to whom the MAGAZINE comes would adopt a little girl of Upper Egypt and educate her for service in the Lord's vineyard.

CARRIE M. BUCHANAN.

Foreign News Budget.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that two of our missionaries, "tried and true," Dr. Marie White and Miss Mary E. Logan, are now on the briny deep anxiously anticipating the day when they may resume their labors in India. All arrangements had been made for the ladies to sail Dec. 28, but a message from New Castle, Pa. Dec. 24, summoned Dr. White to her old home where her sister Margaret had died very suddenly. Dr. White had been working very hard on a post graduate course in New York city, and the shock of her sister's death following robbed her of much of her usual energy; so that those interested in her should feel the necessity of earnest prayer in her behalf. Miss Logan goes out fully recovered and very thankful to be permitted to go at an earlier date than was anticipated.

Egypt.

Miss Buchanan writes of the home life of the Luxor school:

How I wish you could look in upon the groups gathered around the study table in our dining room. You would rejoice to see these girls who for the first time are away from the places we call h mes, and are here learning some of the things that go to make a real home.

When the news of Mrs. Reed's illness reached us, I sent word to the other stations and I am sure that all her "girls," as she so lovingly calls us, and many of her other friends here, are sending up earnest requests to the Father for speedy recovery.

Miss McDowell narrates the difficulties in Alexandria, which are not a few:

We in Alexandria district feel the cut in the estimates very keenly. We have always kept our estimates down to the lowest figure possible, and now that the cut has come we do not know what to do. Because I knew of debts, and hoping for better in the future we put off making repairs, and you should see the dilapidated condition of our school-room and not one cent to make any changes. We will have to dismiss two teachers next month. Do the people at home want us to close the two schools for little girls in this great city for want of the small amount that it requires to keep them open?

Miss Finney's heart is also saddened by the "cut."

It is too, too bad and our hearts bleed when we see such grand opportunities for advancing our Master's kingdom being thrown away. I could write page after page of the very great need for more workers among our Egyptian women and the demand for boarding schools, Only within the last few years has this people awakened to the necessity of an education for the daughters of Egypt; but there is one thing they will not allow, and that is to permit their daughters to walk the streets back and forth to school; hence the necessity for boarding schools.

The government is paying a great deal of attention to female education. It has such schools in Cairo only now, but my fear is that they may be opened in other cities and towns. In these schools the religion of the Koran is taught, and I grieve to think of many such being opened to the girls of Egypt. We are yearning for a Christian boarding school here in Mansoura. Will you not make it a subject of prayer?

Miss Anna Y. Thompson writes:

My arrival in Cairo, after my return to Egypt from America, was on a Monday afternoon, and it was very plensant to meet the missionaries of our circle in the mission house, as well as some of our Egyptian friends.

The next morning I accompanied Mrs. Watson as she went to the school, which she kindly took charge of after Miss Harvey went to America, being succeeded by Mrs. Giffen for a time while Mrs. Watson had her vacation. I had heard that the school had moved into new quarters, the house formerly used for a boys' school by Miss Whately. The building was put up by trust funds for a school, and so it has been a Godsend to us to get the use of it without rent.

The girls were looking their best, and the teachers had prepared some special exercises as a way of showing their joy over my return. It was so encouraging to see the school in such good order, and the children paying so much more tuition fees than when I went away.

The prayer-meeting was well attended on Wednesday, and there are to be regular services on next Sabbath and thence forward.

Mrs. Margaret Watson writes from Cairo Dec. 2.

We were all delighted to welcome Miss Thompson back to Cairo, and her native friends also gave her a cordial reception, her school voicing their gladness in song and prose.

We were disappointed that no new lady missionary came with her. There is so much work to be done among the women and so few to do it that we wonder what is to be done when the ladies who are to go America in the spring for their much needed furlough leave. We do hope that a few more lady missionaries will be sent to us soon, for it will take a long time of diligent study before they are able to do much work in the language of the country.

Our hearts ache as now and again we hear of schools having to be closed and other work curtailed for lack of funds. Poor children have to be refused admittance into the schools because the teacher's sal-

aries must come from tuitions, which these poor ones are unable to pay, thus losing the privilege of Christian instruction. It is cheering to see the desire that these poor people have for the Christian training of their children, but so sad that they must be sent away to other schools where Christ is not named.

Miss Ferrier who was appointed to Cairo has just come and has taken up her classes in school and her Arabic study. We are glad to welcome her to our home.

Mrs. M. R. Hart from Zagazig same date:

Day before yesterday was quite warm here. Yesterday we had a dust storm and last night a small shower of rain, and today it is quite cold—no snow, no ice, but one shivers and can't tell why. We have been favored thus far this year by the absence of much rain. I say favored, for when it rains here the water just stands on the ground until it evaporates. The earth is of such a nature that it will not drink it up, and if a heavy rain comes it will stand on the ground for several weeks. Then we must expect bad colds and sore eyes in almost every home.

Today's mail brought our November number of the Women's MAGAZINE. As I read Miss Shontz' article, I felt to the depths of my heart the disgrace of this awful crime, and at the same time I felt very thankful to see it so well presented to us. Would that each and every Christian could see his duty and feel his responsibility in this terrible matter.

India.

Miss Jennie B. Morrison writes from Sialkot:

Another one of our mission children has fallen asleep in Jesus—Ray, the third son of Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Martin, of Bhera. The whole family was in Sialkot a short time before his death attending the annual meeting of our Mission Association and the last evening of their stay they dined with us. We did not think as we waved our last goodbyes to them, when they started to the railway station, that the circle would be broken ere we saw them again. He was only a little boy just eight, but he bore the fearful suffering of his last days with patience and fortitude. His beautiful faith was a lesson to us all. He was laid to rest in the Jhelum cemetery near his little friend and playmate, Mary Cummings, and we could but think of her joy as she welcomed his coming.

Our missionaries in Zafarwal, Pasrur and in Sialkot have all been inoculated for plague and are going about our work as usual. They were somewhat uncomfortable for 24 hours, the sensation being something like sea-sickness. The plague is quite bad in the villages, but is not spreading much in the city.

A students camp, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association, is to be held in Caunpore between Xmas and New Years. A number of our missionary ladies and of our girl students and teachers will attend.

Miss Fulton writes from Jhelum:

Miss Spencer from Lyallpur and Miss Platter from Sialkot leave us early in March on regular furlough and on account of illness Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morrison and Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Gordon will leave at the same time. We will miss them all sadly. We had not counted on losing so many this spring, but "what to us is dark to Him is day and the *end* he knoweth."

Miss Fannie C. Martin writes from Camp Jandaran:

We are again out in camp where I am always happy to be This is our first camping place for this year

There are quite a number of Christians here and the kind we enjoy visiting, for they are very faithful. However just now things are rather gloomy as the plague seems to have a very strong hold here. This evening I went into the village and as I entered the court yard where the Christians live a man met me. He said he was just starting over to our camp to ask us if we would not come over and see his brother who had been taken sick about noon. I asked what seemed to be wrong with the brother, but only received the one common answer, "God knows, but perhaps if you come and see him you can tell." I then asked if there had been any plague in his house. He looked up at me in such a pitiful way and clasping his hands said, "Miss Sahib I am a poor man, and less than a month ago I had in my house a wife and five little children, now I have only one little girl about five years old." He was a hard rough heathen man, yet he longed for sympathy. How I wish I could picture him to you as I talked with him.

In this district there are near 12,000 Christians and as yet we do not know of a single Christian dying of plague, and we try to keep informed about them. It does seem that God has shown his protecting care over them in a most wonderful way. The promises in the 91st Psalm are very precious to His own people.

Another, whose name does not appear, writes from Gujranwala:

The Annual Meeting, with its conferences, social gathering and business, is past and all are preparing for the winter's work. More than usual were kept at home by sickness, and death came very near one family: so near that Mr. Ballantine received a telegram to prepare a grave in the little cemetery at Sialkot for little David Gordon as he was sinking fast. Three hours later a second telegram said that he was stronger. He is now improving daily and his mother who was prostrated by anxiety and fever is also recovering. The other sick are all about well again.

Many hard questions came up for settlement, among others that of how to arrange so that five ladies could do the work of ten. We are delighted to hear that Dr. Maria White is to be back this winter and provision made for two ladies to come with her.

You have often heard of how difficult it is for the truth to obtain a foothold in a Mohammedan's life. One of them in reply to Mr. Cummings' statement that Mohammed was dead, replied: "Oh! no. He is not dead; he is living right here in my breast. I fold him in with my arms. Why God made the world the heavens and all there is for him. He is not dead."

You can understand from this why it is hard to shake his belief and how necessary it is to destroy his faith in the false prophet before he can receive the living Christ.

Young People's Department.

Five Thank-offering Boxes.

"What shall I do with it?"

This question was asked by Mary as she held a Thank-offering box. There were five girls all belonging to the Sabbath-school class of Miss Clark who had urged each one to take a Thank-offering box, to put in what she could, and to return the box at the Thank-offering meeting in March.

"How shall I fill it?" again asked Mary, "Miss Clark said that every one, no matter how poor or how young, could find a way to put something in it."

Sarah suggested, "Put in something, if it is only a penny or a nickel, when you have had a specially good time. I have read that is the way to do."

"But I have not the money even for that."

"Any way," said Edith "I don't think much of that way. If you have the money that you can give as well as not, why not give it, instead of trying to buy a good time with it? It looks like a bribe to me."

Mary explained, "Well girls, we must remember what will work well one place may not another. What Edith has proposed may be a good plan where girls have plenty of spending money; but we need not worry about that way, for we have not the money to try it."

Jennie, who had been listening to this conversation suggested, "I have heard of having the box in a conspicuous place and when any member of the family breaks a certain rule he or she must pay a forfeit putting it into the box. Of course have a rule you know they will break often. Would that do?"

"That reminds me of a story I read the other day, of a native of India, who when reproved by a missionary for being drunk, said, 'I am all right, I am helping support the government; the more I drink, the more tax the government gets'"

When they had ceased laughing at this sally of Edith's, Mary said. "I don't like that plan. It is too much like the whipping the boy receives for doing wrong. If I do fill my box, I want every cent to be full of love and gratitude."

"Then how would it do to pass the box among your friends, asking for some thing from each one," said Sarah, "but I don't like that myself," she hastily added, "for it would not really be my giving then. What do you say, Catharine?"

Quiet Catharine had not spoken in the discussion, but looking up said, "I will not give unto the Lord of that which cost me nothing. I think that solves the question. The widows in Pundita Ramabai's home in India did without some of the so-called necessaries of life for a time, to be able to give to show their thanks. The Salvation Army have their times of self-denial, many doing without butter and sugar so that they can give, even if it is ever so little."

"Catharine, you make me ashamed, I thought I could do nothing, but if others do such things, I can do without some thing."

"I tell you, girls, what we might do. Let us try for a month to save all we can and put into our box; then meet at Catherine's and tell our experiences."

"All right, not a eent to be wasted for anything."

These five girls were from homes of moderate means, where by close economy each had all she needed, though there could be but few extras and little money to spend; but so earnestly had their Sabbath-school teacher advocated the cause of missions, and the Thank-offering box as a way of helping, that each girl took one home and began planning to fill it.

* * * *

The month has passed and the girls have

met to relate their experiences.

"Jennie, you be chairman, for you suggested this plan, until each will tell her experience."

"All right, Mary, you begin by telling yours."

"That is not fair to turn the tables that way, but some one must be first," said Mary with a toss of her head. "You remember the beautiful applique trimmings at Johnson's. When I bought my new dress I thought I must have it, but the "Help a Little" box kept reproving me. One day mother spoke of a trimming which had been used when I was in school but which was too delicate for a girl of that age; so it was put away but little worn. We brought it from its hiding place and by a little changing it looked quite well. I thought it a little out-of-date until Grace Brown asked me where I bought it, as it looked so much like some her cousin brought from New York. Don't you remember I would not tell you girls anything about it? I put the price of new trimming in my box. And I have made a discovery; I will let you know it too. Half the time when I need a change in my dress I can find something about the house that by a little work will answer very well."

"Why, Mary, I never suspected the trimming was not brand new. Now, Sarah, it is your turn."

"I did not save any large sum, but when the weather was good I walked home, and put the car fare in my box. Another, was that I mended my gloves so that they will last a while longer. I could not put in the price of a new pair, but I put in a little. One of the best things my box did was the other day when George—he is only sixteen and boys don't care for such things at that age—slipped a quarter into my box saying, 'There, Sarah, is a trifle for your 'Save Every Cent box; I intended to go to the ball game, but think I had better finish that writing instead, so here is the admission fee.' Oh yes! I have named my box, 'Save Every Cent,' and I have been surprised how many little things I can do without and feel none the worse."

Jennie said, "You know, girls, how much I admired that hat at Taylor's. I wanted it so badly that when father gave me the money to buy it I was too happy and hurried to get ready to go down town. Just then the little box caught my eye, and I remembered our agreement. O dear! how I wished I had never made it! I sat down to think the matter over and then I remembered the needy ones in the foreign lands, and how some at home were denying themselves to send to these people; but then I would fancy that I could see the hat for which I wanted the money so very much. Something would say, 'Your little bit will not do much good, and you can save on something else.' I did not know what to do. Then I remembered, 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least one of these, you have done it to me.'" Her voice sank almost into a whisper, "Girls, I asked for help to decide aright.

"When I went down to the store the hat did not look so desirable to me as it had before, and when I told Mrs. Taylor that it was a more expensive article than I wanted, she said, 'We have another hat that I think will be more becoming to you. That hat is not the right shape for you and is too heavily trimmed. I did not want to say anything against it, though when I saw your heart was so set on it.' So the two dollars saved went into my 'Do Without' box.' I was repaid a hundred times for any sacrifice I thought I was making when father, after asking me why I changed my mind about the hat, and hearing my story said, as he kissed me, with tears in his eyes, 'I thank God my daughter has a true woman's heart.'"

"I laugh when I think of mine," said Edith in her turn. "I went over to see Laura Moore just a minute, the other morning. I found her in tears, 'What is the matter? Is Tom sick? Has the baby had an accident?'

'No, but you can not understand what trouble I am in. Nora, my little maid, left last evening and baby did not sleep all night with his teeth, and will not let me lay him down this morning. To cap the climax I have just received a telephone message that Mr. Grover is in town and expects to come to dinner with Tom. You know he has been very good to Tom and has half promised him a better position; but he is not married, and so has no idea how unfortunately things do some times fall out. I have sent every place to get some one to come in to prepare dinner, and I can't find anybody.'

"The thought of my 'Do Without' box popped into my mind, How would I do for a cook?'" I said.

"You! You do not mean it," she said.

"'Indeed I do mean it,' said I. 'You pay me the price you would give any other cook and I will prepare you as good a dinner as I can, but on one condition, that you and that sweet baby will go to your room and rest until dinner is ready. I don't want to catch a sight of you before that!" The poor tired creature cried again while I hustled

her up stairs, but it was not the same kind of tears. I put on one of her calico dresses and how I flew round planning the dinner and putting the house in order. When dinner was called everything was done to perfection. But the plot was almost spoiled when Tom came into the kitchen just before dinner. I cannot describe his look of astonishment at seeing me there, and roars of laughter when I explained our plan. After much coaxing he promised not to betray anything when I came in, decked with my white cap to wait on the table. I am afraid Mr. Grover must have thought it strange, for Tom would look slyly at me and make some remark that would almost up set the gravity of Laura and me. So the pay for that days work went into my box."

"I am ashamed to tell my experience after learning how well you have succeeded," said Catharine, "I really have tried, but my box is still empty. You know I have very little money to spend at the best. Our washer-woman's baby, such a cunning little fellow, is very ill. His mother can not work now when he is sick and she is very poor. The doctor said she must have ice for the baby's food. She had nothing with which to buy it, so I ordered the ice wagon to keep them supplied promising to pay for it myself. I had saved something when I bought my gloves, by buying an old style pair, and hurried home to put the surplus in my Thank-offering box. As soon as I entered the house I heard my little sister Nellie crying as if her heart was broken. 'I have broken my dollie, my sweet Sophronia, the most beautiful doll ever was?' As I cuddled her in my arms trying hard to comfort her I could not resist the temptation to whisper 'Come dry your eyes and we we will go to the store and get a new head for Sophronia.' Instantly the sobbing ceased, and we soon selected the head for Sophronia, with the bluest eyes and lightest hair imaginable. As Nellie danced along beside me, assuring me I was the 'bestest, goodest sister in the world,' I remembered what Christ said about little children, and I did not altogether regret that my box was still empty. I still hoped to have a little in my box, for I meant to save something when I bought my dress, but one evening I came home just at dusk. Mother was sitting on the porch. I noticed how tired she looked and I suspected tears in her eyes.

"She told me of a letter she had just received from Aunt Mary inviting her to spend a few weeks at her home with an old school friend from California, that she had not seen for years. 'It is impossible for me to go; we could not afford the money that would be absolutely necessary to go, and I can not be spared from home.' I thought how mother worked and denied her self; how far the price of my dress would go to meet the expense of this visit. 'You must go, mother, I can do without my dress very well; my white one is all right with a little altering.' 'But, my dear, you must have the new dress, and besides, you could not do the work. It is so very warm and you would be confined to the house and the kitchen nearly all the time.' 'Your argument is not good. I am strong and can stand the work for awhile, and if it keeps me in the house all the time I will not need a new dress.' So she has been away three weeks, and I have been so busy I have not had time to make money for my Thank-offering box. Another month I hope to do better."

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," softly repeated Jennie.

What the result will be can not be told, for the story is being lived. But rumor says Mr. Grover suspected something that day and, by questioning Tom, has learned the whole story. At any rate it is often necessary for Mr. Grover to consult with Tom, and he always manages to see Edith while in town. If a wedding should follow the "Do Everything" box will overflow with gold pieces.

The amount of money gained can not be certainly ascertained until the Thank-offering meeting, but much is known to have gained. The girls have learned the value of money and true economy; of self denial and unselfishness; and most important of all, a love for the mission cause has been stimulated, and a greater devotion to Him who watches over and directs all true efforts made in His service.

BIBLE READING.

Rewards of Giving.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."—Ps. 41, 3.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou

shalt be fed."—Ps. 37, 3.

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." —Prov. 3, 6.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."—Prov. 19, 17.

"And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day ; and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."—Is. 58, 10.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house ; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Mal. 3, 10.

"Give and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure you mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—Luke 6, 38.

"I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' "—Acts 20, 35.

"Every man as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give ; not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace (the word 'grace' here refers to temporal blessings) abound toward you ; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."—II Cor. 9, 7.

Historic Testimony on the Duty of Tithing.

The learned historian Grotius says that from the most ancient ages a tenth has been regarded as the portion due to God, and that the evidences of this fact are to be found in both Greek and Latin histories. "Now since this proportion of one in ten," says Collyer, "is certainly indifferent in itself, as one in seven or one in eight, it is reasonable to suppose that the custom of paying tithes, so general among different and distant nations, must have had some Divine direction for it, and that it was derived from Adam to Noah and from him to his posterity until by the dispersion of Babel it spread over all the world."

Selden, in his "History of Tithes," states that the Arabians by law required every merchant to offer a tenth of his frankincense to the priests of their god ; that the Phœnicians, following likely the example of Abraham, devoted a tenth of their spoils of war to holy uses ; that it was a custom in Italy to pay and vow tithes to their deities until the latter times of the Empire ; that the German Saxons, who mainly peopled England, sacrificed a tenth of all its captives to Neptune ; and that Cicero once exclaimed, "No man ever vowed Hercules a tenth in hope of increasing his wit."

The Carthagenians, a Phœnician colony, brought this custom from Tyre, to which city they sent their tithes regularly by one clothed in purple and priestly robes. But becoming rich, they neglected for a time to send a *tithe* of their profits, until their misfortunes led them to repent and to send it as before. Didymus, a learned grammarian of Alexandria, says it was a Grecian custom to consecrate the *tenth* of their increase to the gods. Xenophon, with his captains, after their expedition into Asia. consecrated the *tithes* of their gains to Apollo and Diana, built a temple to the goddess and supported the worship with tithes.

Crœsus induced Cyrus to publish among his soldiers when they had captured Sardis, that the tithe of the city must be given to Jupiter, whereupon the victorious troops did not touch a single thing.

Pliny says that Ethiopians paid tithes of cinnamon to their god and it was unlawful for their merchants to buy or sell any of their goods until their priests had taken out the tenth for their god. The Pelasgi, being punished with a barren year for the neglect of this duty, removed the judgment by vowing the tenth of their profits to the gods. Lucullus, the richest Roman of history, taking account of his large estate, vowed all the tithes to the gods. In the language of the learned Montacutius, "instances are mentioned in history of some nations who did not offer sacrifices ; but in the annals of all times none are found who did not pay tithes." (See Miller's "Law of the Tithe," from which most of these quotations are taken.)

Irenaeus, the disciple of that Polycarp who was the friend of the Apostle John,

says: "We ought to offer to God the first fruits of His creatures. As Moses says, 'Thou shalt not appear before the Lord empty. Christ came not to diminish but to *increase* our obligations."

Cyprian, the leader of the church in the third century, who was a man of wealth and at his baptism devoted a large part of his fortune to the poor, says: "Now, we do not even give *tithes* of our patrimony and when God commands us to sell, we purchase and amass."

Chrysostom, "the golden mouthed" orator and perhaps the greatest preacher of the Gospel since the Apostle Paul, says: "O what a shame! that what was no great matter among the Jews should be pretended to be such among Christians! If there was danger then in omitting tithes, think how great must be the danger now!"

Ambrose, the saintly Bishop of the fourth century who, though a rich and noble Roman, at the outset of his ministry devoted his whole fortune to the Church, says: "The Lord commands our *tithes* to be paid every year. He has given you nine parts, but he has reserved the tenth for himself; and if you give not the tenth part to Him, He will take from you the nine parts. Whosoever is not willing to give those tithes to God which he has kept back, fears not God and knows not what true repentance and confession means."

Augustine, the greatest uninspired theologian in all ages of the church and whose views of Scripture are largely accepted by nearly three-fourths of Christendom, says: "*Tithes* ought to be paid from whatever may be your occupation, whether war, merchandise or some handicraft. They are required as a debt. Who would procure either pardon or reward, let him pay *tithes* and out of the nine parts give alms. God who has given us the whole has thought it meet to ask the *tenth* from us, not for His benefit but for our own."

The Council of Neville, A. D. 500, understood the sin of Cain, in making an offering to the Lord, to consist in his withholding in a faithless, covetous spirit a portion of the tithe.

This idea, that Cain's sin was in the quantity rather than the quality of his offering, is warranted by the Septuagint translation of Gen. 4:7—"If thou hast offered aright but hast not divided aright, hast thou not sinned?" and by Paul's allusion to the same (Heb. 11:4) when he calls Abel's offering "a larger," literally in the Greek, "a fuller sacrifice."

The following Councils of the early church all proclaimed to Christians the obligation of paying tithes, resting the duty not on the authority of ecclesiastical law but on *sure basis of the Word* of God: Ancyra, A. D. 314; Gangra, A. D. 324; Orleans, A. D. 511; Tours, A. D. 567; Toledo, A. D. 633; Rouen, A. D. 650; Fimli, A. D. 791; London A. D. 1425.

The practice of tithing was introduced into England by King Offa at the close of the eighth century and in the time of King Ethelwolf, the middle of the ninth century, had been made general all over England, where it has ever since continued to be the law of the land and the chief revenue of the church.

Calvin, whose opinion on any subject demands attention and carries great weight for Presbyterians, says: "We see how God complaineth that He was defrauded both of His first fruits and also of His offerings and of all the residue which he had applied to Himself in His law. But if we inquire how the heathen behaved themselves toward their idols, we should find that they are willing to spend the most part of their substance on their superstitions."

John Knox, in his epistle to the ministers of Scotland, writes: "Our Lord in the Gospel, speaking of payment of *tithes*, to the Pharisees saith, 'These ought ye to have done and not to leave the others undone.'"

"It behooveth them to be paid. Now a great many, to outface conscience and delude all reproofs, maintain that lands, *tithes*, yea, whatever belonged to the church in former ages, may be lawfully alienated."

"There is no impiety against which it is more requisite you set yourselves in this time. Repent, therefore, and amend your own neglect in this behalf and call upon others for amendment."

Dr. Chalmers, the great preacher and Reformer of Finances in the Scotch church, says: "There might be drawn important lessons from the largeness of the proportion which God here commands (Ex. 12:1-7). The first born bear a ratio to the whole approaching to the tithe which He also claimed of the fruits of the earth, or even to the *seventh* which He specified as His share of your time—not a large proportion, certainly, when measured by His absolute right, but large when measured by the natural inclination of man to consecrate what he has to God."

Dr. Owen, who is among the best authorities for Presbyterians, says: "The payment of tithes (1) Before the law, with (2) The like usage among all nations living according to nature, (3) Their establishment under the law (4) Their express relation in Gospel appointment unto that establish-

ment (1 Cor. 9: 13, 14)—do make that kind of payment so far pleadable that no man can, with any pretense of a good conscience, *consent* to their taking away."

Dr. Miller, of Charlotte, N. C., one of the ablest scholars in this country, says: "The law of the tithe is binding upon the Christian church according to the judgment of the Fathers and the voice of the church *uncontradicted for more than a thousand years.* It is a sad thought that the faith of the Jews and of the heathen should exceed ours. It was a proverb among the Jews—'Pay tithes and be rich.' The heathen made the same observation that he who paid most to his gods did receive most from them. They saw God's judgments upon them for not paying Him his tenth; they repented, restored the tithe and were delivered. But we Christians remain the only incurable infidels, and we *refuse to pay God that which by a universal decree He has from the beginning reserved to Himself.*"

Professor Max Muller, of Oxford, one of England's greatest scholars, writing to a minister on the subject of systematic and proportionate giving, says: "It is surprising that when there is so much profession of religious sincerity; a special society should be organized to impress upon the people the duty of giving to benevolence *a tenth* part of their income. Can there be a lower and a simpler test of that sincerity? And yet, when one thinks what this world of ours would be, if at least this minimum of Christianity were a reality, one feels that *you are right in preaching this simple duty* in season and out of season, until people see that without fulfilling it, every other profession of religion is a mere sham. I can hardly trust myself to think what the result would be, if it were considered as 'not respectable' to give less than one-tenth. This proportion of the total income devoted to the poor and needy would amount in England alone to $180,000,000 a year. You will not rest till people begin to see that to give openly is less selfish than to give secretly; nay, till the giving of one-tenth of one's income become the general fashion, so that a young man at Oxford would as soon think of walking down High street without his hat as profess to be a Christian and not fulfill so humble a part of his duty."

Those who have any doubt as to the obligation under the present dispensation to pay tithes are commended to the words of England's greatest Christian statesman, W. E. Gladstone: "To constitute a moral obligation," he says, "it is not necessary that we have a positive command. Probable evidence is binding as well as demonstrative evidence; nay, it constitutes the greatest portion of the subject matter of duty, and, therefore, a dim view of religious truth entails an obligation to follow it, as real and valid as that which results from a clear and full comprehension."—*Leaflet, What We Owe.*

Important Notice!

Owing to the death of Dr. C. Jane Vincent, late Corresponding Secretary of the Freedmen's Mission under care of Women's Board, all correspondence relating to this department should be addressed until further notice to Mrs. W. R. Wilson, Sec. Pro tem. 325 Hemlock St., Allegheny, Pa.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. C. Jane Vincent.

Adopted by the Board of Managers of the United Presbyterian Hospital at its monthly meeting Jan. 15, 1902.

When death suddenly takes one apparently in usual health and vigor from a life of abounding usefulness, we stand paralyzed in our first sense of overwhelming loss. This experience has come to our Board in the death of our President and highly esteemed friend, Dr. C. Jane Vincent, who passed from mortal life to her heavenly rest Tuesday Jan. 7, 1902.

Our Board has suffered an immeasurable loss. Because of her thoroughly trained powers of mind and heart, and her acquired skill as a physician, she has from the very beginning of our work been the source of strength and positive help, the guiding hand in all its management. Time, money, strength and influence were freely given that the hospital interests might be advanced. This devoted ministry to our patients was but an expression of the vital faith that dominated her whole life and made her such a power for good in the church and community

No words of ours could keep our "beloved physician" in memory, but her own deeds and sacrifices can

never be forgotten. Her birth in a Christian home, her faithfulness as a student, her intelligent, heroic devotion to others, are the chief points in the record of a life short in years but full of blessed deeds and service. Perhaps the finest lesson of such a life is the illustration it gives of the power of a deep immovable consecration, which enabled her to go steadily forward for twenty years in her chosen profession, and to assume duties in hospital and missionary enterprises from which many would have shrunken. Heart and hands were full of work until "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," she had gone to a more delightful service. Sincerely might she have said, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

We are not unmindful of others who mourn with us because our friend "is not." Especially would we remember the brothers and sisters, commending all to Him, who has said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Mrs. Ella Smith.

The members of W. M. S. U. P. church of Duncanville, Ill., offer this tribute of love and esteem to the memory of Mrs. Ella Smith, who was taken from this earth life to the sweet repose of the blessed on July 29, 1901.

She had recently been re-elected president of our society, and her earnestness and faithfulness in the work make her memory precious. She had not been without warning that death might come at any time; she had walked in its shadow for almost a year and her ouly expressed regret was of leaving her little children, but the Saviour, in His tender mercy, took her silently and suddenly away without the trial of separation from her loved ones. No dying testimony was given, but her life was a constant testimony for Christ. She labored for the purity of the church and was true to her pastor and friends. Her spirit of forgiveness was like that of the Saviour. She was needed here and will be missed.

A vacant chair is in the home. A wife's and mother's soothing hand is cold in death. "Death lays his icy hand on kings" and our beloved president was no exception to the inexorable law. But to those who live as she lived—in the silent tomb, in the day of judgment, in the world beyond the grave—all is well!

As a society we recognize in her death the uncertainty of life and the importance of being ready also, and cherish with intense hope the great inspiration of humanity that there is beyond the "secret deep" an abode for those who walk in virtue's paths and love their fellow men. Let us emulate her virtues and cherish her memory, not by a costly shaft of granite or the tribute of empty words, but by the good we hope to do in taking up her work and persevering to the end of life.

We extend to the bereaved husband and children, the stricken mother, sister and brothers, our tender sympathy and commend them to the care of Him whom their loved one trusted and served.

Resolved, That a copy of this tribute be sent to the Women's Missionary Magazine for publication and to each family of the deceased.

MRS. REV. H MCHATTEN,
MRS. H. M. JOHNSON,
MISS VINA SHEDDAN, } COM.

Mary Alexander Lendrum.

Called home, October 5, 1901, Mary Alexander Lendrum. She was a loyal Christian, a devoted wife, and a faithful member of East Greenwich Women's Missionary Society. MRS. J. A. MCMORRIS, MRS. C. C. FRENCH. } COM.

Miss Mary E. Johnson.

A tribute of love from the Women's Missionary Society of Jamestown, Pa., to the memory of Miss Mary E. Johnson, who died Nov. 11, 1901.

Miss Johnson was born in Green township, Mercer Co., Pa. She was a member of our society since its organization and was always a faithful and active worker. We shall miss the valuable counsel of one who was interested in the cause of missions. We had in her a beautiful example of faithfulness and devotion to the Master, serving in all humility. The church and all its interests were dear to her and the subject of her constant thought and prayer.

Although for many years a sufferer her place in church, Sabbath-school, prayer-meeting and missionary society was seldom vacant. For seven years she planned to enter the home at Wilkinsburg, but He who guides his children was preparing a mansion for her in her Father's house. While on her way to Wilkinsburg His call came and she entered that rest prepared for those who love him.

MRS. SAMUEL PORTER,
MRS. MARGARET CHRISTY,
MRS. NANCY HANNA. } COM.

Miss Ellen Mawhinney.

The managers of the United Presbyterian Orphans' Home, located in Allegheny, desire to offer a tribute of respect and love to the memory of Miss Ellen Mawhinney, who for three years has so faithfully served the Home in the capacity of seamstress. She loved her work and specially the children for whom she labored, and they loved her.

Hers was a lovely Christian character, and though she was called suddenly on the morning of Oct. 18, 1901, from her labors on earth, to her reward in heaven, we feel assured that as she entered the portals of the "beautiful city," she heard from her Master the welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of your Lord," for we are told, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

By order of the Board. M. L. REED, Cor. Sec.

Resolutions of Respect.

The W. M. S. of West Beaver U. P. church, tender this tribute of respect to Mrs. M. B. Patterson (our former pastor's wife) who has recently removed from our congregation to other fields of labor and usefulness in the Master's vineyard.

Resolved, First, That in the departure of Mrs. Patterson our society has lost one of its most valued members, one ever ready to help in the great work of our Lord and Master.

Second, That while we deeply feel our loss we still know that she is a co-worker in the cause so dear to us all.

Third, That we also sorrow at the departure of Rev. M. B. Patterson, who was ever ready to help us in the work of the society and one whom we greatly miss. Our prayer is that God's richest blessing may be theirs in their new field of labor. COM.

A VIEW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.